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All departments of the Pabst Brewing Co.'s great plant at Milwaukee, Wis., are open to the inspection of visitors every day except Sunday.

ARMY'S CRACK SHOT.

The Trophies Won by a Soldier Now En Route to Manila.

m the San Francisco Chronicle. On a United States transport steame now en route to Manila is Sergt, Robert Wilson of Company I, 16th Infantry, who is one of the few of the many thousands of enlisted men in the army who have the distinction of being presented with medals by the War Department as a recognition of their excellent marksmanship in target

ceived more of these tokens than any other man in the ranks, having seven of them. Sergt. Wilson was born in Brooklyn some forty years ago, and has been in the army since he was a little over twenty-one years of age. He joined the 16th Infantry in Texas, and has been a member of that regiment ever since, serving on the fron-

competition. Wilson has, it is said, re-

tier until the recent war with Spain, when that regiment was ordered to Cuba, where did gallant work in the memorable

the did gallant work in the memorable charge on San Juan hill.

During his early experiences as a private Wilson startled his comrades by his accurate shooting at target practice and he won many post medals, marksmanship badges and sharpshooter's crosses. After capturing the necessary number of marksman's badges he was presented with a handsome gold medal by the War Department, known as a distinguished marks. ment, known as a distinguished marks-man's badge. His percentage in the sharpman's badge. His percentage in the sharp-shooters' practices always was up in the nineties, and, as a rule, he won all post honors for shooting. Many of his soldier friends urged him to enter one of the de-partment target competitions, which are held yearly by each department of the army at any one of the posts near the cen-ter of the division, and where one or two of the crack shots from each post grather. of the crack shots from each post gather and compete for the championship of the

department.

Wilson, being of a retiring disposition, refused for a long time to enter the competition, but was finally persuaded to do so in 1892, and as a result won the trophy—an 1892, and as a result won the trophy—an attractive medal. On returning to his regiment, which had been transferred to Utah, he was royally received by his comrades for bringing such honors to the post, having won the position of champion allaround shot in the Department of the Platte. On two other occasions Wilson again won the medals from the same department, and in 1894 he made an effort to win the army medal and was successful. This medal is bestowed upon the most exwin the army medal and was successful. This medal is bestowed upon the most ex-

pert shot in the entire army. The trial generally takes place at Fort Sheridan, Ill., and the competitors are the winners of the various department trophies. Wilson's score was one of the highest ever reached it these competitions.

Wilson's medals are artistic and attractive and handsomely cast. The army medal, which is the most valued, is made of solid gold and is larger than a \$20 gold plece, with a heavy rim around it. The medal is hung from a crossbar on a pivot and is clasped by an eagle's claw. On the face are molded employers of the West December 1 and is clasped by an eagle s claw. On the face are molded emblems of the War De-partment and on the crossbar is cast the word army; while on the back, encircled by a wreath of laurel, the winner's name. rank, company and the regiment he be-longs to are engraved. The department medals are made of bronze, silver and gold. a trifle smaller than the army badge, and with different emblems on the face and the word "Department" instead of "Army" on the crossbar, but on the reverse side it engraved like that of the army medal. The distinguished marksman's badge is a neat shield made of gold with an enameled target in the center. The sharpshooter's badge is a series of bars, attached to one another by links, bearing the date of each winning, and at the bottom is hung the much-sought-for cross.

Besides being the possessor of these tokens Wilson has a beautiful silver badge

declaring him the champion all-round rifle On arriving in San Francisco two days before the departure of the transport the sergeant ran across his namesake and old frontier garrison comrade. William W. Wilson, who is now serving on the local police force, and his medals were placed in the patrolman's care pending his return from the Philippines.

Unheard Of.

From the Detroit Free Press. Hobb-"There's something almost supernatural about the way your wife and mine

Nobb-"Is there? I never thought of it. "Why, man, they both like the same doc-

He Confessed. From the Chicago Times-Herald.

"Doctor, how did you find your patients when your vacation was ended?" "They were all doing nicely."

"Then why were you in such a hurry to "Because I didn't want to come home and start the business of building up a new practice." get back?"
"Because

Queer Anecdotes About the Hundred Millionaire.

RESTAURANT EPISODE

(Copyright, 1899, by the Author.) The richest man in the world took the first vacation this summer that he has had in ten years. His name is John D. Rockefeller. His wealth figures well into the hundreds of millions. He has worked ten hours a day, six days in the week, for more than thirty years in order to bring himself to a point where he felt that he could be as merry as the average New York dry goods clerk who goes to the country for a summer's holiday. In his whole lifealthough, as I have said, he is the richest man in the world-he has only been across the American continent three times and been twice to Europe. These trips were not vacation trips. They concerned business. This summer in two private cars he took

with him his wife, his children and a party of relatives and friends, across the continent and afterwards to Alaska. The richest man in the world amused himself on the way by talking with the poorest people he could find; by doing those things which orcould find; by doing those things which ordinary travelers do, and eventually by
climbing a glacier. In all, he covered more
than ten thousand miles by boat, by railway and by stage coach, and he devoted
less than five weeks to his holiday.

The trip was unique with Mr. Rockefeller
because it offered him the first opportunity
he has had for many years of getting really
near to the people of the country. He himself had begun as a poor man; as a dis-

self had begun as a poor man; as a dis-credited man; as a man whose dreams of the advantages of concentrated wealth came near to making him a madman in the opinion of his fellows. When his success finally came to him it came with a vast rush—a rush which has probably never been equaled in the career of any other man. But before it had come, he was forced to suffer all the privations which had been known by the people whom he talked with on this western journey.

He Left Shop Behind.

Only once on the entire trip did he speak of his own business. He went from New York to San Francisco and from San Francisco to Alaska and back without referring to his affairs except when he told why the Standard Oil Company has been unwilling

No presidential candidate on a campaign tour ever showed a greater eagerness to study the populace than Mr. Rockefeller did as he went through the west. The condition of the people, the state of the crops, the business prospects as within the business prospects—everything that could possibly affect the common folk of the country he asked the most minute questions about. Once off his train and his conversation was with bootblacks, porters, farmers, sailors and miners, almost exclu-The trip itself, with its novel experiences

was an immense relaxation for the million-aire. This was shown when as the special train speeded westward he leaned back in a chair in the observation car and said, with enthusiasm: "This is the way to

It was not of his luxurious equipment that Mr. Rockefeller was thinking as he said "I love tranquillity. Here we are away from all strife and struggling, a party of good friends. It reminds me of my boyhood days in New York state when we went

Father and Son Are Chums. The trip afforded to all those about Mr. Rockefeller a demonstration of the ideal relations existing between him and his only son, John D. Rockefeller, jr. Young Rockefeller has passed his twenty-sixth year. Shrewd business men have told me that if John D. Rockefeller should die tomorrow his son is in every way competent to step into his father's place in the direction of the great enterprises in which the elder all the great enterprises in which the elder Mr. Rockefeller is a moving spirit. The young man has gained his educational equipment to a great extent in the school of practical experience. His college course was interrupted by Ill-health, and he went off for a year to ride horseback and split was interrupted by in-health, and he went off for a year to ride horseback and split wood at a suburban home. He still prac-tices wood-splitting every morning in the stable yard of his New York residence, but he is now a director—and a very active one—in companies conducting all sorts of business enterprises in all parts of the country.

John, Jr.'s, Itinerary. It was John, jr., who had full and complete management of the trip from mapping out the itinerary to superintending the checking of baggage. He even looked after the "tipping," as transpired at a restaurant where the party had stopped for luncheon. One of the members of the party, struck by the sad face of a delicate appearing waitress, slipped a half dollar in her hand, as he supposed, surreptitiously. As he was leaving the room John D. Rockefeller did the same. An hour later, Rockefeller did the same. An hour later, however, he approached the fellow traveler, saying, reproachfully: "You did wrong in feeing that girl, and I did wrong; John tells me that he gave all the waiters \$5,

and he requests that we fee no one."

Almost every day from start to finish Mr. Rockefeller met with an interesting adventure that resulted in what he called a "good time," but he probably had more fun out of an hour spent in a Tacoma, Wash., court room, than he had at any other place. He and his particular "chum" among his party went out to see the storts. among his party went out to see the sights in Tacoma, in an orderly, elderly-gentle manly way. They traveled "incog," an manly way. They traveled incog, and strayed into the court room where a damage suit was on trial. The plaintiff and defendant had had a free and easy street fight, resulting in considerable damage to the plaintiff, who, to get even, sought

money damages. With his chum, the oil magnate climbed nto seats in the back of the room. The trial was almost as free and easy as the fight had been, and the two voyagers from the east fairly ached with suppressed the east fairly ached with suppressed laughter. But out of respect to the dignified court, they contained themselves until an adjournment was announced. Then they rolled out into the street and laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks. For two blocks they ha! ha'd! at every step. Suddenly Mr. Rockefeller's face step. Suddenly Mr. Rocketener straightened out, and he pulled himself together with a jerk.
"Here, stop that. Stop it at once. We "Here, stop that. Stop it at once. We must behave ourselves. Here comes the

And "behave" themselves they did, in order that his honor might not be scandalized. Unfortunately for the millionaire's good time, an evening paper printed the fact that he had attended the trial. The result was that when the two chums got around to the court room next day it was packed with a crowd of people curious to see the king of the Standard Oil. Mr. Rockefeller was disgusted, as he does not enjoy the center of the stage. Without waiting for the end of the trial he got out.

A Provident Giver. Time and again during his travels the millionaire declined requests to aid in raising the debt from some church. To one such applicant he said:

"In the first place I cannot oblige you, because I have had no opportunity to examine a report of your financial condition, and I never contribute under any other circumstances. You had best apply to the mission people for assistance. Last year I centributed \$1,000,000 through the mission officials, because I felt sure they knew the needs and could distribute it wisely. I night make a mistake." En route to Alaska on the steamer Cot-

En route to Alaska on the steamer Cottage City religious services were conducted by Bishop Howe, an earnest man, who happened to be a passenger. The congregation was dispersing at the conclusion of the service, when Mr. Rockefeller hastily suggested that a collection be taken. Later some one inquired of the bishop whether he had had a good offering.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "more than \$70 was contributed, and there was one \$50 bill." That the generosity of the most promi-rent living Baptist is by no means restrict-ed by denominational confines, was proven

HIS FIRST HOLIDAY IN TEN YEARS

when, in leaving a small Congregational Church gathering at Douglas, Alaska, he slipped a \$50 bill into the hand of the pastor.

"I wish you couldshelpfus pay a debt of \$480 on our church, Mr. Rockefeller," ventured the minister mineg timidly, after he had expressed his thanks for the contribution just made.

"It would be very infortunate for you if I did," rejoined the millishaire. "You have here a congregation, of miners, each of whom is making from \$3 to \$5 per day. Induce them to pay the debt. It will cement your church organization as nothing else possibly could."

Practices Healthful Living.

All Mr. Rockefellar's dourneyings have demonstrated that he is what is known as a good traveler in every sense of the term. That this is so must be attributed in a great measure to his constant observance of the simple rules of health, which is doubt-

the simple rules of health, which is doubtless due to unimpaired vigor of mind and body despite his sixty years. His physician, Dr. H. F. Biggar, told me some time ago that Mr. Rockefeller is practically physically perfect, a living embodiment of the rules of healthful living.

Whenever it is possible, whether traveling or at home, the Standard Oil king sleeps several hours in the middle of the day. Despite this fact, however, he almost invariably retires early and is up by 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning. Whenever he is exhausted he takes a drink of hot water. He abstains religiously from cold water and is, moreover, so strongly temperate that he rarely partakes of any liquid ate that he rarely partakes of any liquid refreshment save milk or hot water. Occa-sionally he sips what he styles a cup of tea or coffee, but it consists merely of a tea-spoonful of the beverage, as it is ordinarily served at table, diluted in a cupful of hot water. He has never used tobacco in any form

Of all the healthful sports and pastimes Mr. Rockefeller is extremely fond. Like Mr. Rockefeller is extremely fond. Like all the members of his family, he is a su-perb horseback rider, and during the winter months he enters into the pastime of skating with all the enthusiasm of a boy. At the same time the rich man is something of a faddist. A few years ago the bicycle held a faddist. A few years ago the bicycle held the foremost place in his affections, but now golf is pre-eminent. Through it all, however, he remains steadfast in his loyalty to quoits, and it would doubtless surprise some of the financier's associates to be told that he is the inventor not only of an improved type of quoit, but also of an ingenious post which by reason of a rubber attachment will spring back into place. attachment will spring back into place when struck by a quoit.

He Must Be on Top. The distinctive feature of Mr. Rocke-

feller's indulgence in any sport is his great ambition to excell and his light regard for any pastime which has not competitive opportunities. His fiercely contested games of quoits with a blacksmith at Lakewood a few years ago constitute one of the tradi-tions of that resort. On his trip to Alaska, whenever the boat stopped for a brief in-terval, he was ashore with some of the masculine members of his party playing "duck on the rock" with all the zest that many men would display in a lively fight on the stock market.

A man who has traveled with the founder of the Standard Oil Company for more than forty thousand miles in this country and Europe told me recently that only on one occasion did he ever see him angry. This was when a tramp accosted him at a small station on the Central Pacific railroad. When he re-entered the car he remarked When he re-entered the car he remarked that the tramps made him mad. His dis-like of the vagrants was again illustrated during this trip. At a way station a member of the party who was strolling up and down the station platform to enjoy the air gave 25 cents to a trampi who accosted him. "Did you give that man anything?" in-quired Mr. Rockefeller, coming to the scene. "Yes; I gave him a quarter," was the re-

"You shouldn't have done it. He will be back after another quarter before we are Sure enough, before the train moved out the fellow returned, and, sidling up to his benefactor, said appealingly:

"Say, couldn't you give, me another quarter, so I can get a good square meal?" Mr. Rockefeller was close by, but the man appealed to again allowed his generosity to get the best of him, although he related afterward that he received a "terrible overhauling" for it.

Two "Operators" Meet.

There are any number of men who would rive lots of money for advice from so exalted a money maker, but Mr. Rockefeller is notoriously reserved ordinarily. During his vacation trip, however, he gave advice right and left with a freedom that would have amazed his associates in the big Standard Oil building in New York. While in Seattle he clambered into a bootblack's chair, and forthwith engaged the "operator" in conversation.

"How many pairs of boots do you black each day?" he asked. "Oh, twenty or thirty." "And you make \$2 or \$3?"

"Oh, yes; at least that much."
"And do you save any of it?"
"Yes; I put money in the bank regularly." "That is right, my boy. Always remember that economy is wealth."
When the Rockefeller party started from Wawona for a picnic among the huge trees of California, Lieut. McMaster of the

United States army, who could not accompany them himself, sent his guide, a Pole. o this man the millionaire took a great liking.

liking.
As for the guide, Lieut. McMaster wrote afterward that Mr. Rockefeller had "completely hypnotized" him, This hypnotizing had been accomplished by the millionaire in a most unscientific manner. He won the Pole's heart completely by discussing with him at great length the best methods of farming and stock raising, and had finally advised the Pole to devote his entire time advised the Pole to devote his entire time to raising hogs. Nothing on earth could now induce the Pole to go into any other

Another stock raiser, too, gained the in-terest of the great millionaire. This was a man whom he met at one of the forts, who had just paid a freight bill of \$246 to take three cows to Alaska, where he could sell the milk for \$2 a gallon. This enterprising genius was a man after Rockefeller's own

Interviewers Baffled. It was curious during the trip to watch

he efforts of the reporters to interview the famous traveler. One good-looking young fellow, more enterprising than most of the others, finally got "close" to his quarry, and with a polite bow, asked:

"Mr. Rockefeller, may I interview you?" "Yes, if you will deal fairly with me," was the cheery reply. When the young man rose to go some lit-

tle time later, he said laughingly:
"I forgot to say, Mr. Rockefeller, that I
think it is you who have interviewed me." No doubt many of the persons who met the Rockefeller party during the trip were struck by the perfect understanding and good fellowship existing between the members of the family. This is characteristic. Mr. Rockefeller almost invariably counsels with his wife in regard to all questions which concern him, and it would doubtless surprise many shrewd financiers to learn that many a deal which has at once caused admiration and consternation in the bust admiration and consternation in the business world has been talked over and re-volved in all its phases in the Rockefeller family circle for neeks before its consummation.

summation.

Laughter was the chief characteristic of the trip. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, up to Alaska and back again, the company was laughing and lolly and happy as any lot of children let loose for a fine holiday. And Mr. Rockefeller always led the sport. His millions, during this trip at least, weighted on him as lightly as a feather. He was a school boy once more.

WALLION FAWCETT.

Man With In Call's Brain. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

About three months ago at Harmon, W. Va., Jay Lentz, foreman in the mines of the Great Western Company, was caught under fall of state in the misses. His skull was crushed, and Dr. E. C. Har-

man and two other surgeons gave him up to die. A piece of his brain was broken

to die. A piece of his brain was broken away from the main body of the brain structure, and the skull covering it was broken away.

After a few days the doctors decided to take heroic measures. The shattered brain was cut away neatly and dressed. A healthy yearling calf was tied down, her skull cut away and a lobe of brain removed and fitted into the cavity in Lentz's head. The wound was dressed and trephined and the results, awaited. The calf's head was fixed up with half a brain in it.

Both the miner and the calf have progressed satisfactorily, and the man is nearly as wall as before the operation, though his mental vigor is not entirely restored. The calf stands as though asleep till started, when it moves, till interrupted, in a direct line. It will not eat till its jaws are started, then its jaws must be stopped by force, as it continues chewing when food is removed.

FITTING THE FEET

A Hard Job, According to a Clerk of Experience.

BOTH SEXES ARE FASTIDIOUS

Lowering of Prices Resulting From Active Competition.

CHANGES IN STYLE

The shoe clerk immediately assumed as air of interest when The Star reporter asked him if he liked his business.

"Fitting shoes is a hard job, and one neets with many queer experiences in dressing feet. I cannot say that I am specially fond of the business, although I extract a great deal of pleasure in studying the different characters who form a part of my daily business life. People have the impression that because a woman is naturally fussy and particular that she is necessarily the most difficult to please when it comes to shoes. But this is not the case, for there are men, and a number of men, too, who are the most fastidious creatures one can imagine in selecting footwear Every one admires a pretty foot on a woman, and we have naturally come to expect them to wear a size or two smaller than their foot really requires, sacrificing comfort for style and looks. But, bless you, this is not confined to the women, for there are just as many men just as foolish.

Secret Marks for Sizes.

And while I am talking about small shoes and such, do you know that the manufacturers have absolutely found it necessary to mark their shoes with secret marks, based on a well-thought-out system of figures, which, taken in combination, give the key to the size. This became necessary because customers would not even deign to try on a shoe that was one-half size larger than they were accustomed to wearing, and if we did not have that exact size they would go somewhere else, when really they required a larger size. I know of no less than five different marks which none but than five different marks which none but the initiated can read, and now when a cus-tomer comes in and wants a pair of shoes we simply turn down the upper of the shoe they have been wearing, see the cipher mark, and, paying no attention to what they say as to size, go off and get a shoe of corresponding size and width. Invaria-bly they call for a size from one-half to two and a half smaller than the one they are already wearing. The customer never forgets to look at the size as marked in the shoe, but the system uses as the guiding figure one exactly a size less than is needed and this compliments the purchaser to such an extent that no question is raised. Now our system, as an illustration, is this: It we desire to express size 6½ we put in the shoe 5-1. The clerk simply adds the second figure to the first and adds the dash, which means one-half. The customer thinks he is wearing either a 5, or at the most a 51/2 And it is not only in the size of the sho that people are peculiar, but in the width and there are more ingrowing toe nails and crooked toes with callous adornments due to this pinching process than one has any idea of. But we must live and let live, and the chiropodists would be put out of business if it were not for these tight shoes and foolish people. You notice those low mir-rors we have close to the floor. Well, they are for the purpose of showing the buyer how his or her foot looks when dressed in ne of our shoes. It was a good suggestion that put a mirror in that out-of-the-way place, because the majority of our custom-ers are very proud of their pedal extremi-

"The shoe business is not what it used to be," continued the clerk, retrospecting. "I remember the time when it was an easy thing to get \$6 and \$8 for a pair of ladies' shoes. Now you are lucky if you get \$3 for a pair. Competition has done the business, and now you would be surprised at And, then, the shoe men are all putting in bootblack stands and shining your shoes gratis, and you would be astonished at the number of people who buy shoes just for this free shine attachment. Twenty shines means a dollar for a black pair of shoes and \$2 for tan or patent leather. This is exorbitant, I know, but the bootblacks get it. Each of our bootblacks is fitted up with all kinds of dressing and our shiners are not permitted to accept tips. Then we keep you in shoe strings, or repair your shoes gratis if they wear out be-fore they really should. It is strange how many people persist in buying patent leath-er shoes and if they crack come in and raise a fuss about it, when we distinctly tell the purchaser that we don't warrant patent leather and they must take their chances on it. If there ever was an invention that provoked man to the use of expletives it is this same patent leather. Some-times you get a pair of shoes which will last for weeks and weeks and retain their shape and brilliant finish in spite of rain and storm and wear and tear. And, then, again, this same patent leather has been known to go to pieces in a day's wear. I don't think the tan shoes are as popular this year as they were last, although we have sold a large quantity of them, and the white canvas shee is getting into bad favor every day. It is a pretty piece of foot gear, but, oh! how delicate! We had a customer some time ago, who, after being fitted with a pair of these white canvas shoes, remark ed, as he surveyed the rest of his spotless attire, from white hose to white hat, that he imagined he looked like a plate of ice cream. Blcycle shoes, those fellows with the long tops, are not worn by the ladies any more. I guess because they are so hot and hard to lace, and the ankle doesn't

Ladies' Feet Getting Larger. "I know the ladies will protest against what I am going to tell you, but it is nevertheless a fact. Their feet are positively getting larger year by year. This has partly been due to the new style of heavy English walking shoes which the ladies are wearing, and I want to say that it is a most commendable style. It not only gives the foot the freedom that it should have. but it permits circulation and is altogether a healthy attachment to the wardrobe. There is a young lady in Washington, of southern extraction, who has the daintiest foot I ever saw. I understand that we clerks are not supposed to notice these things, but when this young lady comes in I can't help it. She wears a No. 1 shoe on an A last, and has an instep that rises as proudly as her dainty little head. It is very seldom we have a pair of shoes to fit her, for our popular sizes are threes and fours for ladies, and we count a No. 2 a very small foot. And I know a United States senator's wife who has a foot big enough and broad enough to walk on th water. And how she does cramp and squeeze that poor foot. Washington men and women, as a rule, have small feet. In fact, all through the south you will find the sizes smaller than in the north and west. I think the reason for that is that more attention is paid in the south to dress ing the feet than in the other places." Just then a customer came in and the clerk left.

For the Traveler. From Harper's Bazar. One of the most useful novelties for th

traveler is a traveler's cardcase, which is indeed a combination of several different things. It is made of flexible leather and lined with kid or satin, so as to be easily folded. It is about ten inches long, folding three times, and when closed is slightly larger than the ordinary cardcase. First there is a place for cards, another for tick ets and checks, each of which fastens down ets and checks, each of which fastens down closely with a flat clasp. Then comes a small indexed book for addresses or memoranda, and under the inside cover of this a snug little place for postage stamps. There is no purse connected with it, the change purse being worn usually on the chatelaine or carried in the pocket. A silver pencil completes the interior fittings, and when folded there is in one corner a tiny watch, so arranged on the inside of the case that only the face an inch in diameter shows from the cover. This case is made of light leather, so that when folded with all of its contents it will not be more bulky than an ordinary purse or cardcase.



KNOCKED INTO KINDLING WOOD.

WRECKED BY THE STORM

Havoc Played by Wind and Rain in Suburban Towns.

Capitol View-Work-

men Injured.

View and Forest Glen, Md., terrible dam-

twisted beyond recognition. Immense roof sections, almost intact, were lifted and whirled completely over the tops of the tallest trees, and struck the ground seventy-five feet away. The foundations on the south side of the building were wrecked and the cellar filled with materials. and the cellar filled with water and debris

and the cellar filled with water and debris of all descriptions.

The carpenters and workmen had taken shelter in the building, and escaped by jumping from the rear window just as the house began to go. Had not a large portion of the rear wall lodged against two immense oaks, they must have inevitably been destroyed.

John Luben, who jumped from a secondstory window, was blown seventy-tive feet nesday proved to be a veritable cyclone in | before he struck the ground. Mr. Cheney, some of the suburban towns. At Capitol a carpenter, was blown against a wire fence with such force that his breast was age was done. At the former place a hand- lacerated and frightfully bruised. Richome dwelling house which was in course ard Dorsey, the cook for Mr. Miller's fam-



A COMPLETE WRECK.

tect, was completely wrecked, and several workmen employed thereon barely escaped

The house adjoining, belonging to Mr. A. S. Pratt of Washington, and occupied by

of construction by Mr. Robert Head, archi- ily, who was whirled away with his range escaped almost miraculously with only a few bruises. A number of windows in the main building were blown in and three chimneys destroyed. Mr. W. H. Wilson's house lost an immense chimney, and twenty trees on his estate were snapped off Mr. Garrett S. Miller and family, was partially demolished. The summer kitchen, a small two-story building adjoining the main small two-story building adjoining the main pying a summer cottage, lost a number of



A KITCHEN DEMOLISHED.

foundations. Richard Dorsey, a man weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds, who is the cook for Mr. Miller's family, was

in the building, and was hurled with flying debris some 150 yards down the hillside. Split Into Kindling Wood.

Mr. Head's house, situated in a grove of

splintered into bits some sixty feet from its | longing to Dr. J. J. Clark at Forest Glen was totally destroyed, and Mrs. Kenedy's barn at Capitol View was partially wrecked. The wind struck Capitol View at 4:20, and at 4:40 it was all over. The devastation exceeds anything which has ever occurred in this section in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. The rain was fearful, falling in blinding sheets for the Mr. Head's house, situated in a grove of huge oak trees on the top of the hill, was literally split into kindling wood, huge beams and rafters being split, cracked and large lake was formed near Forest Gien.

AN INDIAN'S GLASS WAGON.

So He Bought a Hearse. From the Kansas City Star.

The Osages as a people are the richest or earth. From the interest on the money which the United States government bor- been driven. rowed from them as a nation and from the rental of their grass lands the Osages, men, women and children, collect about \$80 each every three months. The Osages, and refused. After the stakes had been set therefore, are very fond of large families and it is to the material interest of every Indian to have as many children as possible. In his case each new child does no represent another mouth to feed, but another source of income. The father, on pay day, collects from the government paymaster the money coming to his family, and this often amounts to a considerable

The Indian has never fully realized the value of money—it comes too easily. When he gets his funds he goes around and pays his debts, for he is always given credit by the "traders," and he settles his accounts because he will shortly need credit again until pay day comes around once more. With the money he has left over he buys anything that takes his fancy, and sometimes he makes remarkable and ludicrous

An Osage who had missed pay day until he had accumulated riches beyond his most avaricious dreams went to Coffeyville, in southern Kansas, one day, with his pockets bulging with money. He shopped around in the stores, buying everything he fancied, until he had accumulated a larger load than his pony could carry. He was wandering along the street, wondering how he would transport it to his home, when he saw a large black wagon with glass sides standing in front of a store He looked at standing in front of a store. He looked at it wistfully for some time, examined the horses and harness and wagged his head in an appreciative way. The undertaker, who had observed him, came out.

who had observed him, came out.

"How much?" asked the Indian. The undertaker, for a joke, named a price. The Indian went into his pocket, counted out the money, mounted the box of the hearse and drove away before the undertaker could remonstrate. And now Mr. Indian comes to town in style, with his squaw beside him on the seat and the inside of the hearse full of the country lively. the seat and the inside of the hearse full of very lively little papooses, who look out through the glass sides of their strange car-riage. The hearse also does service when the Indian comes to town with a load of wheat, which looks very nice through the glass sides. It is not every man, Indian or white, who can haul his family and his grain in a wagon with transparent side-boards.

All Refrigerators and Baby Carriages at prices in Hoeke's Clearance Sale.—Advt.

MOVED THE ROAD.

The Osage Wanted a Swell Carriage, How the Bluff Engineer Was Won Over by a Woman. From the Philadelphia Call.

The engineer who lays out a raffroad dislikes to move a stake when it has once Once, when the present chief engineer of a western rafircad was locating a line in Missouri, he was asked to change the stakes

a young, unshaven man appeared and asked that the road be "moved over a bit." "The road cannot be changed," promptly returned the engineer; "this is the best

place for it." The man went into a house, got a rifle, came out, and pulled up the stakes. The indignant engineer started toward him, but was intercepted by an elderly woman. "Can't you move your road over a little

piece, mister?" she asked. "I don't see why I should," responded the engineer. "My business is to locate the line, and you can call on the company for damages. What does that young black-

damages. What does that young guard mean by sitting there on with a gun?" he angrily demanded "That's Nip-he ain't no blackguard.

"That's Nip-he ain't no blackguard.
That's Nip, my son."
"Well, I'll nip him if he gets funny."
"Oh, no, you won't. I ain't afraid o'
that." said the woman. "What come over me when I seen you starting for Nip was that p'r'aps you had a mother, and how bad she'd feel to have you come home that

way."

"What way?"

"Well, if you persist in driving them stakes there you'll go home dead."

"Look here, do you think I'm to be bluffed by that ruffian?"

"Nip ain't no ruffian," said the woman. "You see, we've always lived here—Nip was born here—an' when the guerrillas come an' called out paw an' shot him we buried him jist whar, he fell, an' we've always kept it as a reservation, an' Nip, he's determined you sha'n't disturb it, that's all."

"Then you don't object to the raifroad?"

"Lord o' mercy, no! We want the road, but we don't want you to disturb paw's

but we don't want you to disturb paw's grave."

"Come," said the engineer, "let's go and see Nin."

when they had come up to the stump the big engineer held out his hand. Nip took it, but kept his eyes on the stranger.

"Here it is," said the woman, touching a low stone lightly with her foot.

"I see," said the engineer. "We can miss that easily enough."

He moved a mile of road. From that day forward until the road was finished, and long after, the widow's home was the stopping place for the engineer.